

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Mark Of The Beast"

(feat. Akir, Beast 1333)

*[Verse 1: Akir]*

Get ya dough watch it go, back to the peoples that holding some  
Basic H's secret states keepin the stuffs the stole it from  
Peter Josphe told us so, only those that seem to know  
Can counteract the satus quo balance back wich way to go  
My rough ID CID used by the beast to track you yeah  
Charge in the car can cause an alarm  
That's part of the arm that traps you now  
Back to check in, you go inside you prepared to fly  
Watch for scalin you cannot hide  
Comfortable you roll no matter what you done  
What treats for sky? climbin a tree while I'm gettin high  
That big brother eagle start to die  
No matter what the reason we can devise  
The plant in the sea saw the seeds that provide?  
Away for us to breathe out the evilest side  
No need to kiss the dream is alive  
Free from the evils of the dreams inside

*[Hook: Cuts by DJ Pone]*

*[Verse 2: Beast 1333]*

Yo the World a Mess  
we All Lust the Flesh  
I won't Stop till the People  
see Success  
So Many beat to Death  
so Many people Left  
With the Mark of the Beast  
can't cheat the Test  
You bear the Mark  
i Bear the Mark  
With the blood in the Waters  
there for Sharks  
Now everybody want to Be Quoting Marx  
with a Less of the Bite  
And a More the Bark  
in A World of Fakes  
Here's what it Takes  
gotta have Big Balls  
Not Baby Grapes  
at A Crazy Pace  
Let's do it Face to Face  
the Whole Race chase Waste  
Space Age Sensash  
with a Warm embrace  
They go and Stab your Back

it's so Wack that the Hacks  
Flapjack the Tracks  
and When the Bombs attack  
We Gon Bomb em Back  
wit the Cold Facts Rap Tracks  
Catch a Jax  
Theres No Latch attached  
you Can't Own a Soul  
So don't go go scroll po po patrol  
lets Go Toe to Toe Like Pro Dojo Throws  
Sold your Soul so Don't Go so Slow  
no Need to Crow  
No Need to Flip  
what we Need is a Change in Leadership  
Wont even Give a Chance to Plead the Fifth  
before the Radar Go From  
Bleep to Blip Bitch

*[Hook: Cuts by DJ Pone]*

*[Verse 3: Immortal Technique]*

You think I don't notice the line when you cross it  
I'm like the mind of a genius trapped in a cerebral palsy  
You underestimate the hood you think niggas is stupid  
We read the countries credits, niggas know who produced it  
Why the fuck you think the pushing military recruitment  
America been platinum and she afraid of recoupment  
So when you try to close the boarder and don't let us in  
I'll overthrow califonria with 20 million mexicans  
Cubans and chinese who came looking for freedom  
Till they realised america was run by a demon  
And I don't mean George Bush he was a fuckin zero  
More like the roman emperor Nero  
Who did nothing while the black slum turned to atlantis  
I mean those behind the canvas that made the mechanics  
And then planned it, it sounds simple but stupid niggas won't understand it  
Until the mark of the beats has your face branded

*[Cuts by DJ Pone]*

Thanks to Bael for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Pierre Louis Garcia